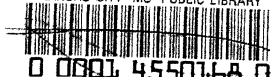


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The Kuntry Skule

793.1 M17k

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THE KUNTRY SKULE

CHARACTERS

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.
THE ORGANIST.
THE APPLE POLISHER.
THE CHEERFUL ONE.
THE ATHLETE.
THE NEWCOMER.
THE BIG SISTER AND BABY SISTER.
THE DANCER.
THE GIGGLER.
THE EQUESTRIENNE.
THE BIG BROTHER AND LITTLE BROTHER.
THE TEACHER'S PET.
THE GUM-CHEWER.
THE ENTERTAINER.
THE TWINS.
THE CHAMPION.
THE PRIMA DONNA.
THE EYELASH BATTER.
THE DOG LOSER.
THE GYMNAST.
THE CLINGING VINE.
THE GALLANT KNIGHT.
THE HIKER.
THE CALORIE COUNTER.
THE HANDSOME ONE.
THE INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.
THE LADY ATHLETE.
THE TURTLEDOVES.
PROFESSOR APPLESTRUDEL AND CHOIR.
NED DERGEN.
MARLEY MCCHARTHY.

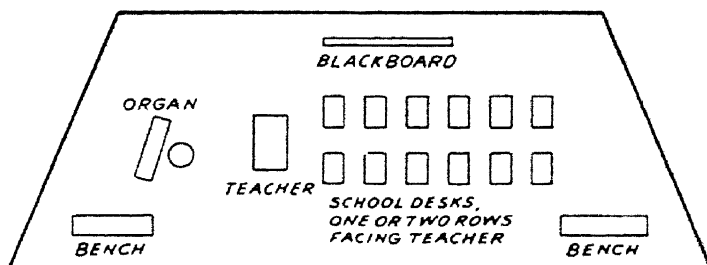
SCENE: Interior of an old-fashioned country school.

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SCENE PLOT



As played on proscenium, with benches at extreme sides.

PROPERTIES

Old-fashioned organ (or piano) and stool.

Blackboard on standard. (Caricature of teacher, a sum or two, and such words as "cat" and "rat" may be shown on the board.)

Several school desks, in two or more rows facing teacher. (See diagram.)

Benches at sides of stage for extra characters.

Several first readers. (These may be simply manila folders with large letters.)

Roll book and pitchpipe for teacher.

Pointer and placards for Professor Applestrudel.

COSTUMES

SCHOOLMA'AM. Exaggerated old-fashioned spinster outfit with bustle, high collar, chatelaine watch, side curls, steel-rimmed spectacles, etc. (It adds comedy to this rôle if it is played by a man.)

SEP 21 1942

COSTUMES

PROFESSOR APPLESTOCK. Alpine costume with shorts, embroidered suspenders, mountain hat,* heavy beard.

NED BERGEN. Business suit.

Ventriloquist's dummy. Dress suit, top hat, and monocle.

PUPILS. Old-time rustic outfits, pinafores, calico dresses, long cotton stockings, panties showing, pigtailed for girls; shirts with round or ruffled collars, jeans, or tight pants cut off just below the knees, long stockings for boys.

* Not essential.

SUGGESTIONS TO PLAYERS

Names used in this personal show should be local personages who are likely to be in the audience or who are prominent in the community.

Lines are spoken, not sung, to the rhythm of "Solomon Levi," of which only the stanza is used, not the refrain. The organist or pianist must play slowly enough so that the lines may be easily understood, and must be able to follow the tempo of the various speakers.

If a smaller cast is desired, the continuity of the sketch will not be affected by the omission of one or more characters or stanzas. Any number of dances, instrumental or vocal solos may be interpolated.

The setting is extremely simple. THE KUNTRY SKULE may be played as a curtain raiser on the apron of the stage, leaving the main stage set for a second play, or the full stage may be used.

The cast may be composed of all men, all women, or a mixed group.

Since the Schoolma'am may read her lines concealed in the roll book, and since no other character except the Ventriloquist has more than four lines to learn, this show may be given with a minimum of rehearsal.

If this entertainment is to be presented to audiences in which people do not know one another, the characters may be kept as types, and in the blanks the titles The Eyelash Batter, The Apple Polisher, The Dog Loser, etc., may be inserted instead of actual names.

THE KUNTRY SKULE

The scene is the interior of an old-fashioned country school.

(Before the play begins, those who play the parts of the Kuntry Skule pupils are scattered throughout the audience, ready to answer the summons of the teacher's school bell. The tune "School Days" may be played in lively march time by an orchestra [or piano] just before the play opens. Then enter from center opening of proscenium curtains, to the tune of "Solomon Levi," played by orchestra, or piano in the pit, THE ORGANIST, walking slowly and lifting her knees high as she moves to organ and prepares to play "Solomon Levi." [Omit the refrain in every case.] Enter next, in same manner, THE SCHOOLMA'AM, speaking in formal rhythm to the same tune the following lines:)

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

You're about to pay a visit to an old-time country school,
(Brandishing the pointer.)

Where children mind their p's and q's and follow teacher's rule. *(Sternly.)*

And I'm the mistress of this school, I rule my brood with
love, *(Clenching fist.)*

Controlling them with iron hand within a velvet glove.

Now regard the pretty lady upon the organ stool,
A valu-a-ble member of our well-run country school.
She executes fortissimo, or oh, so doloroso,
'Tis Madame ————, * the piano virtuoso!

* Wherever blanks appear, substitute names of local personages.

THE ORGANIST.

I occupy this place of honor on the organ stool,
I'm a valu-a-ble member of any well-run school,
(*With exaggerated gestures of playing piano.*)
I execute fortissimo, or oh, so doloroso,
I'm Madame ———, the piano virtuoso.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM. (*Consulting chatelaine watch pinned at shoulder*)

I notice by my watch and chain it's very nearly time
For boys and girls from every farm to hear the school
bell's chime. (*Picking up school bell from organ.*)
So, every country lass and lad, you'd better listen well,
And immediately gather at the ringing of the bell.

(*She rings bell vigorously as orchestra plays "School Days." This music may continue until players, who have been scattered throughout the audience, make a surprise entrance on stage.*)

THE CHEERFUL ONE. (*Standing from aisle seat in right rear section of audience*) Good morning, dear teacher! (*She trots to stage, and takes her place in one of the school seats, folding her hands on desk.*)

THE APPLE POLISHER. (*Standing, with large apple in hand, on opposite side of theatre*) I'm coming, teacher dear! (*He hurries to stage, and sits at a desk.*)

THE PRIMA DONNA. (*From place on aisle in right front section*) Here I am, tra la la. (*She hums a tune as she takes her place at a desk.*)

THE HANDSOME ONE. (*From opposite side*) Here I come, you lucky teacher! (*He hurries to stage.*)

THE GIGGLER. (*From aisle seat, far rear right*) I'm here, Mistress — (*She runs to stage, giggling.*)

BIG SISTER and BABY SISTER. (*BIG SISTER appearing from rear of theatre wheeling baby carriage holding BABY SISTER, or BROTHER*) I had to fetch my baby sister.

BABY SISTER. (*Waving balloon*) Da da!

(*They move rapidly down the aisle. BIG SISTER leaves carriage at steps, helps baby out, and they take seats on benches at sides of stage. In quick succession the*

other players now rise from aisle seats in various parts of the theatre, and take their places at desks or benches on the stage.)

SCHOOLMA'AM. (*To tune of "Solomon Levi" again, as "School Days" stops, and all pupils are in their seats*)
And now if every chick and child is safely in its seat,
You'll raise your little voices your teacher dear to greet.
Now all sound "do" distinctly, as the pitch to you I
bring,

(*Music stops a moment as THE SCHOOLMA'AM brings pitchpipe from her pocket, blows it, and sings in a terrible voice "do," and the children earnestly repeat it. Then last line of "Solomon Levi" is played as she finishes reciting.*)

And all obey directions. Kindly turn, and rise, and sing!
(*As the teacher gives directions, the children turn and rise. They raise chins, look stupid, and stand stiffly as they sing with organ accompaniment, "Good morning to You," while the teacher leads. Sternly.*)
Now listen to my signals as you turn, and bend, and sit.
(*Children bend and sit stiffly.*)

We'll begin our daily lessons as we always do, to wit,
(*Breaks off to look threateningly over her spectacles, as some child whispers.*)

You're going to feel the impact of my good old slipper sole

If you don't pay strict attention while the teacher calls the roll!

(*She opens a book and reads. THE APPLE POLISHER stands as his name is called.*)

First comes ——— with an apple in his hand
To apple polish teacher, that I clearly understand!
He thinks by giving presents that he'll pass the spelling test.

Of all his friends and relatives he likes himself the best!

THE APPLE POLISHER. (*Coming to c. front, a procedure to be followed by all pupils as they are introduced*)

Yes, I am ———, with an apple in my hand
To apple polish teacher, which she'll clearly understand!

I hope by giving presents that I'll pass the spelling test.
Of all my friends and relatives I like myself the best!

(*He sits, and THE CHEERFUL ONE laughs heartily.*)

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

That hearty laugh that greets you is this cheerful little
tyke's,
Other girls like parties, but it's hard work that she likes.
Whenever there's some task to do, ————— is on the
staff,
And everybody knows her by her cute, contagious laugh.

THE CHEERFUL ONE.

Oh, I am —————, such a cheerful little tyke,
Other girls like parties, but it's hard work that I like.
Whenever there's a task to do, they put me on the staff,
And everybody knows me by my cute, contagious laugh.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Next is —————, of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{councilmanic} \\ \text{student body} \\ \text{Y. M. C. A.} \end{array} \right\}$ fame.
His Robert Taylor * profile puts movie stars to shame.
He runs upon the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{handball court,} \\ \text{football field,} \\ \text{tennis court,} \end{array} \right\}$ and for election
too,
We don't blame all the ladies for admiring him, do you?

THE ATHLETE.

I'm little —————, of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{councilmanic} \\ \text{student body} \\ \text{Y. M. C. A.} \end{array} \right\}$ fame,
My Robert Taylor profile puts movie stars to shame;
I run upon the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{handball court,} \\ \text{tennis court,} \\ \text{football field,} \end{array} \right\}$ and for election
too,
I don't blame all the ladies for admiring me, do you?

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

You now see —————, whom we've just learned to
know.

* Or any current film favorite.

The secret of her charm must be the way she says "hello."
The get-acquainted problem never caused her any fears,
She's just as popular as though she'd been with us for
years.

THE NEWCOMER.

Yes, I am ———, whom you've just learned to know.
They say the secret of my charm's the way I say "hello."
The get-acquainted problem never causes me to fear,
I'm just as popular as though I'd been here for a year.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

A girl named ——— is next to be discussed,
She's brought her baby { brother, } to her complete
 { sister, } disgust.
The older one is charming, and Baby ——— is too,
I think they make a rather clever little pair, don't you?

THE BIG SISTER.

——— is my name, I'm next to be discussed,
I've brought my baby { brother, } to my complete
 { sister, } disgust.
Where'er I go I have to wheel this grinning little tot,
If you think that is funny, I assure you it is not!

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Next comes ———, a dancer of renown,
When he trips the light fantastic, he really goes to town.
If he attends a party, the girls all form a line,
And beg to lead the Grand March with a partner so
divine.

THE DANCER.

Yes, I am ———, a dancer of renown,
When I trip the light fantastic, I really go to town.
But if I go to parties, it's not so good, you see,
The girls desert their partners, and beg to dance with me.

*(Eccentric dance may be interpolated here, either as a
solo, or with one of the eager girls as partner.)*

THE SCHOOLMA'AM. *(As shrill giggles are heard)*
There's that ———, just watch her pose and wriggle,

She'd be a stage sensation if she didn't have to giggle.

Or { She thinks everything is funny, and everything is quaint;
 She's a veritable wizard with a can of make-up paint;
 (*Looking sternly at THE GIGGLER over her specs.*)
 I thought she had that giggle licked, but, well, I see she ain't!

THE GIGGLER.

Tee hee, tee hee, tee hee, tee hee, just watch me pose and wriggle,

Tee hee, tee hee, tee hee, tee hee, I always have to giggle.
 I can look like Greta Garbo with a can of make-up paint,
 I thought I had that giggle licked. Tee hee, I guess I ain't!

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

The name of _____ follows here, I see,
 A modest, bashful little miss, sweet-tempered as can be;
 A capable equestrienne, she'd never ask for more
 Than a lively Shetland pony delivered at her door.

THE EQUESTRIENNE.

My name is _____, so the teacher must mean me;
 I'm a shy and modest little miss, sweet-tempered as can be.

A capable equestrienne, I'd never ask for more
 Than a lively Shetland pony delivered at my door.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Little _____ comes next, accompanied by his brother,
 Whenever you see one of them, you're sure to see the other.

The older one would rather run a race or sail a boat,
 This baby-tending business would never get his vote!

THE BIG BROTHER. (*Crossly, as he jerks his baby brother to the front*)

I am little _____, accompanied by my brother,
 Wherever you see one of us, you're sure to see the other.
 I'd much prefer to run a race or sail upon a boat,
 This baby-brother lugging would never get my vote!

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Now comes ———, who is known as teacher's pet.
 No wonder, for this paragon has never failed us yet!
 She's quick at learning lessons, like an angel she can sing,
 And she scores at playing { basketball } and all that sort
 { tennis } of thing.
 { ping pong }

THE TEACHER'S PET.

My name is ———, and they call me teacher's pet,
 No wonder, for in any field I've never failed her yet.
 I always learn my lessons, like an angel I can sing,
 And I score at playing { tennis } and all that sort
 { basketball } of thing.
 { ping pong }

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Here's ———, a-swingin' both her jaws in bovine
 motion,
 To Juicy Fruit and Spearmint she has sworn complete
 devotion.
 Don't send our ——— posies, she doesn't care for
 some,
 Other girls may crave gardenias, but she wants her chew-
 ing gum.

THE GUM-CHEWER.

I'm ———, a-swingin' both my jaws in bovine mo-
 tion,
 To Juicy Fruit and Spearmint I have sworn complete
 devotion.
 Don't send me any posies, as I do not care for some,
 Other girls may crave gardenias, but I want my chewing
 gum.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

——— follows, entertainer of renown,
 He cuts as many capers as any circus clown;
 He can spring the latest wisecracks, and sling the latest
 slang,
 When he appears upon the scene, things start off with a
 bang.

The count is in my favor whene'er the playing ends,
I even win from ———, though I hate to beat my
friends.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Watch little ——— sidle up to the piano,
She's waiting for a chance to air her elegant soprano.
She loves to warble on the stage, she's quite a prima
donna,
But when she's asked to sing, she shyly murmurs: "I
don't wanna."

THE PRIMA DONNA.

I'm little ———, sidling up to the piano,
I'm waiting for a chance to air my elegant soprano.
I love to warble on the stage, I'm quite a prima donna,
But when I'm asked to sing, I shyly murmur: "I don't
wanna."

(PRIMA DONNA may sing a solo either seriously or in
burlesque style. A song that is easy to "personal-
ize" is the old "Peek-a-Boo." This number may
be presented in an ingenuous manner, with gestures,
pointing, shading eyes with the hand, peering into
the distance, etc. Words like the following might
be used:)

I can see in the audience, not very far,
Oh, what a fine looking crew!

I perceive Charley Jensen,* our { algebra } star!
badminton

Now, Mary Jones,* I see you!

Is that you, Jo Cooper,* and Carol Brown * so dear?

Now Ruthie Allen * I spy!

There is handsome Nick Barber * with profile so
clear,

And there is Al Newman's * bright eye!

Refrain

Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!

I see Jim Arnold * there!

Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!

I see his bright red hair!

* Substitute local names with similar rhythm.

THE GYMNAST.

See my athletic figure, so muscular and slim!
I always spend my leisure time a-training in the gym.
I'm quite a dressy fellow with my gaudy Christmas ties,
If I wore white tie and tails to $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{lodge,} \\ \text{school,} \\ \text{church,} \end{array} \right\}$ it wouldn't
cause surprise.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Here's lovely ———, with her peach and cream
complexion;
She calls upon her noble knight whene'er she needs pro-
tection.
Sir ——— champions fair ladies in distress,
Particularly lovely ones with { auburn
golden } hair, I guess.
coal black }

THE CLINGING VINE.

Oh, I am _____. See my peach and cream complexion.
I call upon my gallant knight whene'er I need protection.
Sir _____ champions fair ladies in distress,
Particularly lovely ones with { auburn
 { golden } hair, I guess.
 { coal black }

THE SCHOOLMA'AM. (*As though surprised*)

Why, *here* is _____, chivalrous and full of charm,
He devotes his life to shielding pretty ladies from all
harm.
He wears no suit of armor, he rides no charger white,
But to _____ he's as gallant as a medieval knight.

THE GALLANT KNIGHT.

Yes, I'm Sir _____, chivalrous and full of charm.
I devote my life to shielding pretty ladies from all harm.
I wear no suit of armor, I ride no charger white,
But _____ says I'm gallant as a medieval knight.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Now comes ———, a mountain-climbing miss,
You ought to hear her yodel; she's as good as any Swiss.

She likes to scale the lofty heights to gather edelweiss,
She thinks that early morning hikes are very, very nice.

THE HIKER.

True, I am ———, a mountain-climbing miss.
Do you want to hear me yodel? I'm as good as any
Swiss.

(*She yodels.*)

I like to scale the lofty heights and gather edelweiss,
I think that early morning hikes are very, very nice.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Next is ———, hear her munch and crunch,
A lonely little apple is all she has for lunch.
She watches all the calories, and takes her exercise,
That's the way, our ——— says, to keep the proper
size.

THE CALORIE COUNTER. (*Munching her apple*)

I am ———, just hear me munch and crunch,
A lonely little apple is all I have for lunch.
I measure all my calories, I take my exercise,
(*She demonstrates with calisthenic exercises.*)
That's the system I employ to stay the proper size.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM. (*Shading eyes like Indian looking into the distance, as THE HANDSOME ONE comes to the front and poses*)

Is this Clark Gable that I see, that actor of renown?

Ah, no, it's ———, the handsomest boy in town.

* His frown will make a damsel grieve all the livelong
day,

But when this fickle hero smiles, he drives the blues away.

THE HANDSOME ONE.

This isn't Gable that you see, that actor of renown,
It's ———, and I'm called the handsomest boy in
town.

* Or

If you'd care to send some fan mail, girls, to answer it he'll try;

The address is Room —, at — — — } Senior High!
Junior High!

My frown will make a damsel grieve throughout the live-
long day,
Whereas my scintillating smile will drive her blues away.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Here's Mrs. _____'s girl, _____, with every
hair in place.

A giant brain is hiding there behind that pretty face.
Yes, she's an intellectual, yet sweet as any song,
She never took love seriously till _____ came along.

THE INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

I'm Mrs. _____'s little girl, with every hair in place,
I hide a giant intellect behind this pretty face.
I am an intellectual, yet sweet as any song,
I never took love seriously till _____ came along.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

The name of _____ is next upon my roll,
In games of speed our _____ is first to reach the
goal.

She'll rival great Babe Didrikson within a year or two,
And such Olympic champions are far between and few.

THE LADY ATHLETE.

My name is _____, and I'm next upon the roll,
In games of speed I always am the first to reach the goal.
I'll rival great Babe Didrikson within a year or two,
And such Olympic champions are far between and few.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

I mention now young _____, and _____ small,
Both are very popular, and neither's very tall.
_____'s impatient, she can hardly bear to wait
To read the tender nothings _____ will write upon
her slate.

THE TURTLEDOVES.

We are little _____ and _____ so small,
Both of us are popular, and neither's very tall.

THE GIRL.

I am quite impatient, I can hardly bear to wait

THE BOY.

To read the tender nothings I shall write upon her slate.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Well, now that you have gathered, and I've checked you in my book,

Into your reading progress I'll have to have a look.

The class in first grade reading will now take books in hand,

(Four children sitting at center school seats obey the following directions:)

And at a given signal *get ready, turn, and stand.*

(The children struggle slowly with the next lines, in the manner of primary pupils beginning to read, while the organist continues to play "Solomon Levi," following carefully their halting rhythm. They hold their books, plainly labeled "FIRST READER," firmly against their stomachs.)

FIRST PUPIL.

Is this a flaming sunset that adorns our western skies?

SECOND PUPIL.

Why, no, my child, you're seeing one of _____'s ties.

THIRD PUPIL.

Is that the great Grand Canyon that I am looking toward?

FOURTH PUPIL.

No, that's the way _____ yawns in

{	church
	class
	lodge

 when he is bored.

FIRST PUPIL.

Could this be Walter Winchell with that sly look on his face?

SECOND PUPIL.

No, it's Reporter _____, who fills up the gossip space.

THIRD PUPIL.

Is this a dainty butterfly that flits from flower to flower?

FOURTH PUPIL.

Dear no, it's ———, dancing solos by the hour.

FIRST PUPIL.

Is that { girl } fighting with { herself, } or am I seeing
 { boy } { himself, } double?

SECOND PUPIL.

I guess you see the ——— { girls }
 { twins } getting into
 { boys } trouble.

THIRD PUPIL. (*Hand behind ear*)

Is that a human dictionary talking in my ear?

FOURTH PUPIL.

Why, no, that's ———'s fine vocabulary, dear.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

Well, children, that was very good. Now each may take his seat.

(*Pauses while children take seats.*)

And to reward you I'll announce a very special treat.

Here's a German singing master I know you'll all admire, Professor Applestrudel and his celebrated choir.

(*As the children clap their hands, enter from L. PROFESSOR APPLESTRUDEL, in Alpine hiking outfit, carrying a dozen or more placards about two feet wide and three feet high and a long pointer. He hands the placards, arranged in careful order, to one of the pupils, who carries them to extreme R.*)

PROFESSOR APPLESTRUDEL.

Ach, I am Applestrudel! I can sing already yet
 A song aboutt some local folks you neffer vill forget;
 Mit pigchures ve illustrate vot it iss ve sing aboutt,
 Vile our voices mingle svedter don a dish of sauerkraut.

(*Eleven pupils or more, depending upon number of placards to be shown, line up along the front of the*

stage, joining the one who is holding the placards. At the same time several glee club or choir members, or any group of singers, stand in the first row of orchestra seats, turn about and face the audience, ready to sing the replies to THE PROFESSOR'S questions in the old German song "Schnitzelbank." THE PROFESSOR indicates with his pointer the bold caricature of some local character displayed, with the name plainly printed, on the first placard as he sings the first question, as, for example, "Ist das nicht Herr Johnny Jones?" Sketches of a strong man, a ballet dancer, a magician, a dog-fancier, etc., are effective. After he has pointed out the first sketch, this placard is moved from the pile, and passed one space to the right, that is, to the second pupil, thus leaving the second sketch displayed for the second question. This procedure is followed throughout the song, so that when the final question is asked, all sketches are on display along the front of the stage. When the song is finished, THE PROFESSOR gives his choir the signal to be seated, one pupil collects the placards, and the others return to their seats during the applause. Following are suggestions for substituting local names for such words as "Schnitzelbank" in the old song. If two rhyming names cannot be found, a common noun may be used occasionally, as, for example, "quarterback" to rhyme with Johnny Black.)

PROFESSOR and CHOIR.

Ei du schone, ei du schone, ei du schone	{	President. Senior Boy. Eastern Star. Big Boy Scout. Campfire Girl.
--	---	--

(Choose one.)

PROFESSOR. (Indicating first sketch)

Ist das nicht einer	{	Senior Boy? Big Boy Scout? Campfire Girl?
---------------------	---	---

(Choose one.)

CHOIR.

Ja, das ist einer { Senior Boy.
Big Boy Scout.
Campfire Girl.

PROFESSOR. (*Indicating second sketch*)

Ist das { Fraulein Margie Loy?
nicht Herr Bobby Stout?
Fraulein Florence Pearl?

CHOIR.

Ja, das ist — (*Etc.*)

PROFESSOR and CHOIR. (*As PROFESSOR points out second picture and then first*)

Bobby Stout, uner Big Boy Scout.

PROFESSOR. (*Beginning second stanza*)

Ist das nicht Herr Johnny Black?

CHOIR.

Ja, das ist Herr Johnny Black.

PROFESSOR.

Ist das nicht einer quarterback?

CHOIR.

Ja, das ist einer quarterback.

PROFESSOR and CHOIR. (*As PROFESSOR points to each picture*)

Quarterback, Johnny Black, Bobby Stout, uner Big Boy Scout.

(*In this same manner the entire list is repeated at the close of every stanza.*)

THE SCHOOLMA'AM. (*After the CHOIR is seated, and pupils have returned to their seats*)

Professor Applestrudel, I thank you from the heart;

Pray see our next attraction before you do depart.

For now upon our program is one who will pretend

That he's a great ventriloquist who has a dummy friend.

(*Enter from L. a tall boy, as ventriloquist, in business*

suit, dragging a much smaller boy made up as ventriloquist's dummy, and dressed in dress suit with monocle and top hat. The dummy should relax so that he appears to be lifeless. THE VENTRILOQUIST poses the dummy on his knee, and in answer to the queries of THE VENTRILOQUIST, the dummy turns his head from side to side, and opens and closes his mouth as though he were speaking, while a third person off stage speaks the dummy's lines into a microphone.)

MARLEY McCHARTHY ACT

NED DERGEN. (*Taking MARLEY on his knee and posing him*) Well, Marley, this is something new for you. I fancy you've never been in a *rural* school before.

MARLEY McCHARTHY. (*Dubiously*) H'm? What kind of school, Dergen? I didn't quite catch that.

DERGEN. A rustic school? A rural school?

MARLEY. (*Who doesn't want to admit anything*) H'm, well, yes, Dergen. Yes, I have too. I've been places and seen things. (*Resentfully.*) What do you think I am, Dergen, a yokel? Do you think I'm a rube? I went for a long time to _____ High School.

DERGEN. (*Patiently*) You don't understand, Marley. _____ is not a *rural* school. It's in the metropolitan area.

MARLEY. (*Doubtfully*) H'm, yes, the metropolitan area. (*Looking at DERGEN.*) What was that word again?

DERGEN. What I mean to say is that _____ is right in the city, right on _____ Boulevard. It's not in the country.

MARLEY. Well, it's in _____ (*city*), ain't it?

DERGEN. Yes, but don't say "ain't."

MARLEY. But that's in _____ (*state*), aren't it?

DERGEN. Yes, it is, certainly.

MARLEY. That's in the United States, aren't it?

DERGEN. (*Impatiently*) Yes, yes, Marley, of course.

MARLEY. (*Positively*) Well, then it's in the *country*.

DERGEN. (*Disgusted*) Let's talk about something

else, Marley. How long did you attend ——— High School?

MARLEY. (*Figuring to himself*) Let's see. That's right. Six years.

DERGEN. (*Surprised*) Six years?

MARLEY. (*Positively*) Six long, hard years.

DERGEN. But most of the boys make it in three.

MARLEY. Yeah, but I only went for half a day.

DERGEN. Did they let you do that?

MARLEY. (*Sanctimoniously*) I had permission from Mr. ——— (*the principal*). My chauffeur—(*snob-bishly*) h'm, my *chauffeur* took me to school at ten o'clock every morning and called for me at two. That way I *never* had to meet any children going back and forth to school.

DERGEN. But why didn't you want to meet any of the children?

MARLEY. (*Crossly*) Well, if you have to know, Dergen, I was—I was *afraid*!

DERGEN. What were you afraid of?

MARLEY. (*Reluctantly*) If you must be so *nosey*, Dergen, I was afraid of ———.

DERGEN. ———? Why should you be scared of him?

MARLEY. (*Leaning back to look at him*) Why? Why do you suppose Maxie Baer is afraid of Joe Louis? 'Cause he's a *fighter*! *That's* why!

DERGEN. I thought you and ——— were getting along fine. I saw you playing with him yesterday. You were helping him pick up his marbles.

MARLEY. (*Astounded*) Marbles! Those weren't marbles. We'd just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his *teeth*!

DERGEN. So you spent six long years at ——— High School? It looks to me as though you didn't progress very well scholastically.

MARLEY. (*Mystified*) H'm! How's that?

DERGEN. I'm talking about your academic achievements. Your report card was nothing to brag about.

MARLEY. (*Uncertainly*) Oh, yes, my report card. (*Belligerently*.) Well, what was wrong with it?

DERGEN. Your card didn't look much like _____'s.
(*Good student.*)

MARLEY. (*Positively*) Oh, well, I'd get a hundred every day if _____ helped *me* with *my* home work! Anyway, I got a hundred *once*!

DERGEN. You did?

MARLEY. I got fifty in algebra and fifty in spelling.

DERGEN. Seems to me I recall a great many N's on your report card. Mr. _____ gave you "N" in science, and Miss _____ marked you "N" in English.

MARLEY. Well, yes, so they did, so they did! (*Pondering.*) But you know what "N" stands for, don't you?

DERGEN. (*Very sternly*) Not exactly, no. But I'm sure it's nothing very good!

MARLEY. (*Confidently*) That's where you're wrong, Dergen. That's where you're wrong. Why, that N is a kind of compliment, Dergen. It's a—well, it's a kind of T. L., that N is. It stands for—it stands for *NEVER*, that's what it stands for.

DERGEN. *NEVER?* *NEVER* what?

MARLEY. *NEVER* *saw* a finer boy than Marley McCharthy. *Never* *saw* a finer boy.

DERGEN. Well, I'm glad you were so popular with all of your teachers. Did you take any courses in vocational training? Did you dabble at all in the practical arts?

MARLEY. Talk English, will you, Dergen?

DERGEN. Did you take any interest in shop work of any kind?

MARLEY. Oh, that? Dear, dear. Yes, I spent two weeks up in Mr. _____'s wood shop. I was—er—I was convalescing! After my accident.

DERGEN. Your accident?

MARLEY. _____ scratched my face. He got some big slivers in his hand too. Goody, goody, goody!

DERGEN. How about the fine arts? Did you take any music?

MARLEY. Oh, me? Well, I *was* in the Glee Club for a coupla days. Miss _____ put me out of there.

She said I sang too loud. She said I drowned out——.

DERGEN. That was too bad.

MARLEY. I was pretty miffed about it. I can sing better'n—— any old day. Why, he can't even make up a song.

DERGEN. Can you make up songs, Marley?

MARLEY. Can I make up songs? Can I make up songs? Ain't you heard the one I made up about—— and his Ford V-8?

DERGEN. No, I haven't heard it. Let's hear it right now. (*He stands and carries MARLEY across stage slowly.*)

(*MARLEY sings to the tune of "Over the River and Through the Woods to Grandmother's House We Go" the following words:*)

Over the highways—— goes
In one of his worn-out Fords,
—— pride with his shoulders wide
And his spic and span clean cords, oh!
Watch as our hero flies down the road
At fifty miles an hour,
He steps on the gas, other cars to pass
With plenty of speed and power.

See him flash by while the girls all cry
"How sturdy and strong he looks!"
He's intelligent too, I'm telling you,
And very bright in books, oh!
Everyone in the crowd is mighty proud
Of him, and they're never bored,
Hurrah for this fine, this chauffeur divine,
Hurrah for his worn-out Ford!

(*Ventriloquist carries dummy off the stage at the end of his song.*)

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

The school day's drawing to a close; it's time you were dismissed.

Behave upon the journey home, or you will feel my fist!
And now I bid you all adieu, my charming little class,
Please listen to my signals as you *turn*, and *rise*, and *pass*.

*(Children obey signals, orchestra plays "School Days,"
and they pass off the stage, and go back up the aisles.
THE SCHOOLMA'AM and ORGANIST join hands, bow
stiffly, and leave the stage.)*

Abigail Goes Haywire

Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

FOUR MEN FOUR WOMEN

INTERIOR SET

THIS is the story of three girls who bought a summer home and before long got into mortgage difficulties. As is life's habit, there came into the picture three young men, as varied a group as ever one did see. There's a famous author; a carpenter, come to fix a squeaky floor board; and an hilariously funny real estate agent who capitalizes on an idiosyncrasy to boost sales. It's a jolly moving picture of "who's who" with first one case of mistaken identity, then two and finally a third. The couples, after an hour and a half of bantering fun, do pair off rightly, but not before Abigail goes haywire. Know what a funambulist is? Read this play and get acquainted with one. He nearly scared Hannah, the maid, into hysterics and the part is good for a hundred laughs. Just in case you haven't guessed it, the mortgage was paid, Abigail sold her book, wedding bells got to ringing furiously and a swell time was had by all.

THE CHARACTERS

ABIGAIL HYDE, *one of the owners of Heavenly Haven.*

JANICE HOLTHAM, *friend of Abigail and one of the owners of Heavenly Haven.*

LESLIE JORDAN, *friend of Abigail and one of the owners of Heavenly Haven.*

DON ST. JOHN, *a famous author and a funambulist.*

REUBEN STEUBEN, *a real estate operator.*

JOHN MEREDITH, *a carpenter.*

HANNAH MATTHEWS, *maid and housekeeper.*

OLIVER MORTIMER, *publisher, of the house of Mortimer, Oliver, Oliver and Mortimer.*

Books, 50 Cents Each

No Royalty

BAKER'S PLAYS · BOSTON, MASS.

The Little Madcap

A Farce in Three Acts

By HENRY ROWLAND

FOUR MEN SIX WOMEN

INTERIOR SET

DOLLY SEVIER, a little madcap, has secretly married against the wishes of her Aunt Prudence, a man-hating old maid. As her aunt controls her purse strings until she is twenty-one, she dares not reveal her marriage to handsome, young Roy Harlow. Aunt Prudence has sent Dolly to the city to study music, under the strict chaperonage of Miss Morris, a voice teacher. Taking advantage of Miss Morris' absence for a few days, Dolly decides to pay her husband a surprise visit. To accomplish this it is necessary for her to disguise herself as a boy, for Roy resides in one of those "for men only" hotels. She finds him out, but leaves a note telling of Miss Morris' absence. When she returns to her own apartment, Sylvia Winthrop, her chum, is waiting for her and it is then, because of the male attire, that the fun begins. In rapid succession there comes one person after another with misunderstanding after misunderstanding and finally the fun is complete when Aunt Prudence arrives for a long visit. You can readily see the snowball of fun gaining huge proportions for everyone is mistaken for someone else and the complications become so involved there seems no way out. But there is and it's a whale of a good time in the process.

THE CHARACTERS

DOLLY SEVIER, *a young wife.*

SYLVIA WINTHROP, *her friend.*

MISS PRUDENCE SEVIER, *her aunt.*

NANA, *her maid.*

ROY HARLOW, *her husband.*

SAM POLLOCK, *a janitor.*

MEG POLLOCK, *his daughter.*

TOM CHANCE, *an intruder.*

O'HARA, *a policeman.*

MISS MORRIS, *a music teacher.*

Books, 50 Cents Each

Royalty, \$10.00

BAKER'S PLAYS • BOSTON, MASS.

The Mad Hatters

A Riotous Farce in Three Acts

By KURTZ GORDON

FOUR MEN EIGHT WOMEN

INTERIOR SET

THE Hatters. What a family! Mad as March hares! Crazy as loons! Dizzy as pinwheels! Dippier than the Big Dipper! And nuttier than a Christmas fruit cake! In fact, they are all nuts! Margaret Hatter, the mother, is nuts about dramatics. Joe Hatter, the father, is nuts about fishing. Gigi, their daughter, is nuts about athletics. Bunny, their son, is nuts about photography and Angelica, their housekeeper, is just plain nuts.

Grandma Hatter has been supporting them for years and suddenly decides it's time to quit. She gives them all three months to prove they can make their own living. If only one of the entire family will succeed, she will renew their monthly allowance. Not having earned a penny in their lives, they unanimously agree to commercialize their hobbies and show Grandma Hatter a thing or two. Diana, the youngest daughter, returns from a trip and announces her engagement to Henry Harrison, an amateur playwright whose mother turns out to be an old rival of Mrs. Hatter in a stock company years ago. And from then on, things happen fast and furiously. At the expiration of the three months, all have failed but Joe, who brings home the bacon at the last minute, and how he brings it home is nobody's business. Sometimes they don't make much sense, these mad Hatters, but they do create a lot of laughs for any audience, and you'll love every one of them; the madder they get the more you'll love them.

THE CHARACTERS

GIGI HATTER
ANGELICA
BUNNY HATTER
JOE HATTER
MARGARET HATTER
GRANDMA HATTER

DIANA HATTER
NANCY HAYWARD
MUGZIE MULLEN
HENRY HARRISON
ELIZABETH HARRISON
CLARA SHELDON

Books, 50 Cents Each

Royalty, \$10.00

BAKER'S PLAYS • BOSTON, MASS.

Mama's Angel Child

A Mischievous Comedy in Three Acts

By MILDRED GRAHAM

THREE MEN FOUR WOMEN

INTERIOR SET

MRS. CHARMER, a forty-five year old widow, looking much younger, takes her daughter, Daphne, to a smart summer hotel in the hope of making a match between Daphne and a wealthy man. This is a necessity with Mrs. Charmer, for she is flat broke. To this same hotel comes Horace Bagley, a millionaire, with his stepson Dick Armstrong, a handsome football star. Bagley is seeking to get away from designing females who would marry him for his money. Daphne has seen Dick on the field at a football game and has fallen in love with him, although they've never met. Knowing that most older men prefer younger women, Mrs. Charmer hits upon a scheme to pose as a much younger woman and have Daphne dress and act like a child. When Daphne refuses, Mrs. Charmer points out to her that to annex the Bagley fortune is their sole salvation. And then, dressed up as "Mama's Angel Child," Daphne meets Dick, the man of her dreams. She plays her childish rôle to the hilt, being the most precocious "brat" on record, almost wrecking her mother's chances of winning Bagley. But things are brought to an hilarious and successful conclusion after many riotously funny scenes and complications. The rôle of Daphne is one of the cutest and funniest parts ever written for an amateur actress and there are two great comedy parts in the persons of Miss Kreech, a spinster, who is hastily summoned as governess for "mama's angel child" and Ellen, Mrs. Charmer's straight-laced old family servant.

THE CHARACTERS

MRS. CHARMER, *a young widow.*

DAPHNE CHARMER, *her daughter.*

ELLEN, *an old family servant.*

HORACE BAGLEY, *a millionaire.*

DICK ARMSTRONG, *his stepson.*

WILLOUGHBY, *Bagley's man-servant.*

MISS KREECH, *a spinster.*

Books, 50 Cents Each

Royalty, \$10.00

BAKER'S PLAYS • BOSTON, MASS.

My American Beauty

A Farce in Three Acts

By JEAN PROVENCE

FIVE MEN FIVE WOMEN

INTERIOR SET

CAN you imagine a great big he-man being willed a beauty parlor with the proviso that he must operate it at a profit for thirty days in order to inherit the balance of his late aunt's legacy? Well, that's what happened to young George Ewen. If he fails, he can still get the fortune by marrying Helen Kingsley, who was formerly manager of the beauty shop and a great favorite with George's aunt. Helen is also due to receive a portion of the estate, so in order that George will not seek her hand in matrimony to get the money, she disguises herself as Mary Jones, a beauty operator, and offers to help him run the shop. Two of the first customers are Mrs. Richardson Rich, a wealthy old lady, who likes to keep her schoolgirl complexion, and Scarface, a man who has received a scar in an auto accident and is constantly mistaken for a gangster, and wants the scar removed. A rival beauty operator mixes a chemical in the facial cream at George's shop, and what happens to Scarface and Mrs. Rich's face is nobody's business. But George has been experimenting with a mineral known as radiolite and Helen mixes some of it in a cream she is preparing, to be known as American Beauty. The mixture rights the wrong that has been done to several faces and becomes a success. So does George's shop and George and Helen fall in love, regardless of any inheritance.

THE CHARACTERS

HELEN KINGSLEY, *a beauty specialist.*

SUSAN SMITH, *her assistant.*

BENNETT, *an English valet.*

GEORGE EWEN, *a mining engineer.*

SCARFACE, *rough and ready.*

CANVAS, *his pal.*

HENRY WILSON, *a lawyer.*

MRS. RICHARDSON RICH, *a wealthy woman.*

CHARMAINE CHARMONTE, *from France.*

JOYCE JAMES, *manager of a beauty parlor.*

Books, 50 Cents Each

Royalty, \$10.00

BAKER'S PLAYS • BOSTON, MASS.

Winning Winnie

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts
By CARL WEBSTER PIERCE
FIVE MEN FIVE WOMEN
INTERIOR SET

WANDA WESTON, a noted authoress, has answered an advertisement of THE JOLLY BACHELOR'S CLUB, an organization composed of lonely bachelors, who desire to correspond with eligible spinsters. Wanda starts the correspondence, hoping that these various letters will furnish her with material for her stories. She keeps the letters on a very formal basis. But when she breaks her wrist and cannot continue the correspondence, her younger sister, Winnie, begins where Wanda has left off. But Winnie changes the tenor of the letters and goes terribly romantic. This intrigues three of the "Jolly Bachelors" to such an extent that they decide to visit Winnie who already has a fiancé in the person of handsome young Robert Radcliff. Winnie is thrown into a panic and arranges with Tillie, the maid, to impersonate her and receive Texas Tripp, from Texas; Flora, the cook, to pose as Winnie, and receive Pete Parker, a rancher from Montana; and Wanda's secretary, Ethel Elkins, to assume Winnie's name when Romney Romaine, a young poet, arrives. Her great problem is to keep the three couples from meeting and to keep the knowledge of all this from her fiancé. The climax is reached when Texas, Pete and Romney fall hard for Tillie, Flora and Ethel, and procure marriage licenses with the name of "Winifred Weston" on them.

THE CHARACTERS

WANDA WESTON, *an authoress.*
WINNIE WESTON, *her sister.*
ETHEL ELKINS, *Wanda's secretary.*
TILLIE TOMPKINS, *a maid.*
FLORA FISH, *the cook.*
ROMNEY ROMAINÉ, *a poet.*
PETE PARKER, *from Montana.*
TEXAS TRIPP, *from Texas.*
ROBERT RADCLIFF, *Winnie's fiancé.*
REV. MR. DARLING, *a minister.*

Books, 50 Cents Each

No Royalty

BAKER'S PLAYS • BOSTON, MASS.

Raggedy Nan

A Delightful Comedy in Three Acts

By JEAN PROVENCE

FIVE MEN FIVE WOMEN

INTERIOR SET

INTO this comedy of life in a small town, Mr. Provence has woven some of the most lovable, human and amusing characters ever written into a play. His central character is adorable little Nancy Edwards, an impish ragamuffin, known to all the neighbors as "Raggedy Nan." Losing her mother early in life, Nancy is raised by her father, who is killed in an accident. Phineas Scroggs, the richest and most powerful man in the town, holds a mortgage on her father's farm and when he forecloses it, he sends Nancy to an orphanage. Unable to bear the treatment at this institution, she runs away and comes to the home of Gramp Withers, a lovable, sympathetic old farmer, wherein the scene of the play is laid. Gramp has always felt sorry for the lonely little orphan and when the constable and old man Scroggs come looking for her, Gramp secretes her in a closet. A snoopy, gossipy neighbor, Mrs. Finnegan, discovers some one in the closet and when Nancy is brought out, she is wearing a pair of Gramp's overalls and an old hat, and she is introduced by Gramp as the new hired man. From then on, the comic situations pile up thick and fast with Tilly, the servant girl, being determined to marry the "hired feller." Finally, Nancy's identity is discovered, but not before she has met and fallen in love with Tommy Wyatt, a young farmer, who had been coming to court Florence, Gramp's granddaughter. Nancy also wins an election for the presidency of the Farmers' Co-op for Tommy, defeating William Scroggs, old man Scroggs' son; and, in turn, Tommy unearths the fact that Phineas Scroggs has foreclosed on Nancy's father's farm for a mere fifty dollars, after collecting a large sum for her father's accident, which rightly belongs to Nancy. So Raggedy Nan comes into her own and a grand, heart-warming, wholesome play is brought to a happy conclusion. There are some great comedy parts, notably a stuttering constable and Tilly, the lovesick maid, who is looking for a husband. You'll take "Raggedy Nan" right into your heart.

Books, 50 Cents Each

Royalty, \$10.00

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